

THE PORTSMOUTH INQUIRER.

Published by Cleveland & Pearce.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PROGRESSION.

Office, on Market Street.

VOLUME III.

PORTSMOUTH, O., MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1850.

NUMBER 24.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Blanks! Blanks!!

An assortment of blanks of various kinds such as Warrants, Quit-Claims and Mortgages, Deeds, Subpoenas, Executions, Attachments, and other Justice's blanks, constantly on hand at this office.

BANKING OFFICE

KINNEY & TRACY

KINNEY & TRACY have opened an office for discount and deposits, on Front street, four doors below the U. S. Hotel. Interest allowed on deposits, payable on demand. Gold, silver, and uncurrent notes bought and sold. Office hours from 8 A. M. till 5 P. M. May 13, 1850.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.

East side of Market, one door from Front street. **DUGAN & MACKOV,** Exchange Brokers.

LOAN money collect notes and drafts, buy and sell Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, receive money on deposit allowing interest on the same, payable on demand. January 9, 1849.—n40.

SUMS OF MONEY

LARGE and small, transmitted at all times, to any part of England, Ireland, or Scotland. **DUGAN & MACKOV,** Exchange Brokers. East side of Market, one door from Front street. Portsmouth, O., Oct. 17, '49.—284f.

New Hat and Cap MANUFACTORY!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. ONE DOOR WEST OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE. **Portsmouth, Ohio**

S. R. ROSS, WHOLESALE GROCER, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE MERCHANT,

AND FORWARDER. FRONT ST., PORTSMOUTH OHIO

A full and complete assortment of Tea, Sugars, Wines, Liquors, Raisins, Iron, Coffee, Molasses, Powder, Cordage, &c., always on hand, at Eastern Wholesale prices. Particular attention given to orders. Portsmouth, May 8, 1848. ff.

F. J. OAKES, A. W. BUSTICK, OAKES & BUSHKIRK, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Rectified, Whiskey, Foreign AND

Domestic Liquors. NO. 6.

Front Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.

With hope by strict attention to business and due observance of the wants of our customers, and the public generally, to receive continuance of that very liberal patronage here before extended to the old firm, for which we are very much obliged. January 2, 1849.—n39

Summer Hats.

THE subscriber now has on hand and is finishing a superior quality of Hats of the latest styles and of every variety adapted to the season. Also, Children's Hats and Caps, of every beautiful form & now on hand, all of which will be sold singly or by the dozen, on terms which cannot fail to be satisfactory. D. WOLFARD, Front street, Portsmouth, April 29, '50

R. LLOYD

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather and Shoe Findings. I AM now receiving my Spring Stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather and Shoe Findings, together with a large and beautiful assortment of Carpet Bags and Satchels, which were selected with great care. Persons wishing any of the above articles, will find it to their interest to give me a call, as I am determined to sell as low as the same articles can be bought west of the Mountains. RICHARD LLOYD, Situated on the Rio Rio Boon, Portsmouth, March 19, 1850.—50.

JNO. McDOWELL JR., Commission and Forwarding MERCHANT.

NEW ORLEANS.

Land Office Agency.

PERSONS wishing to enter land at the Land Office in Chillicothe, O., can have an agent to save both time and money by calling on. **DUGAN & MACKOV,** Farmers' and Merchants' Exchange. Portsmouth, Nov. 27, 1849.—34ff.

ALWAYS on hand S. F. FLOUR, No. 1 and 2. Warranted to be of good quality. C. A. M. DAMIRIN.

December 10, 1849.—65.

COFFEE—100 bags for sale at market rates by S. R. ROSS.

July 15, 1850.

RICE—A prime article by Tierce or by Dr. T. G. Edwards & Co's. genuine Oil. For sale by Dr. J. CONSON, No. 3, Front

July 15, 1850.

Business Directory

GROCERS & PRODUCE DEALERS.

S. R. ROSS, Front street, 5 doors below Market. Oakes & Bushkirk, No. 6, Front street, above Market.

COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS & GROCERS.

Davis & Smith, East side of Market street. McDowell & Co., Corner of Front and Market streets.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. J. M. Shuckfield, Residence on Fourth above Court. Dr. Wm. McDowell, Office on Front, 3 doors above Market. Dr. J. Conson, Residence on Court, between 4th and 5th sts.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Edward W. Jordan, Market Street, next door to the Bank. W. A. Hutchins, Market Street, next door to the Bank.

BANKERS.

P. Kinney & Co., Front, half way between Market & Jefferson. Dugan & Mackov, East side of Market, 1 door from Front street.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Portsmouth Insurance Company, Front, in J. Lodwick & Son's Store.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.

Wm. Elden & Co., East side Market, between Front & Second. Lodwick & Son, No. 66 Front, above Jefferson.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

J. L. M'VEY & Co., Front, 53 Flaxseed Row. Shuckfield & Crichton, Front, below Jefferson.

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

S. Wells, Front, one door below Court.

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.

John Clugsten, Front, one door above Kinney's.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.

J. B. & S. P. Nickels, West side Market, between Front & Second.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

A. C. Davis, Front Street, below U. S. Hotel. Miller & Elsas, Corner of Front and Jefferson.

BOOTS & SHOES.

M. Kehoe, Front, two doors below Jefferson.

HATS AND CAPS.

D. Wolfard, Front street, one door below Franklin House.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

J. M. Teagarden, Over No. 3, Jefferson street.

JOB PRINTING

AT THE INQUIRER OFFICE.

FANCY AND JOB TYPE.

We are prepared to execute in the neatest manner and at short notice, all kinds of SHOW BILLS, HAND BILLS, HOBBY BILLS, LABELS, BALLET TICKETS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, CIRCULARS, &c.

With a new and beautiful font of Script.

Send also one of Secretary Types, we are prepared to execute all kinds of Legal and Business Blanks. We shall always keep on hand a full assortment of Lane's Conveyances, Bills of Lading, Promissory notes, &c., got up with the most approved forms, which we will sell by the single sheet or quite, at prices, for the most part, as low as they can be procured in Cincinnati. Having been at considerable expense, from a desire to have the above named kinds of work executed at well in our town as they can be in larger places, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

P. H. MURRAY & Co., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Stoves, Grates, Castings and Hollow-ware, Copper, Zinc, Sheet-iron, and Tin-ware, WEST SIDE OF MARKET STREET, Portsmouth, Ohio.

We invite Country merchants, Furnace men, and citizens generally, to call and examine our stock. All orders promptly attended to. Job Work executed with neatness and despatch.

Portsmouth, Sept. 15, '49.—24wff.

New Books.

THE Planetary and Stellar Worlds, a popular exposition of the great discoveries and theories of Modern Astronomy, by Professor Mitchell; Teaching a Science. The Teacher an Artist, a most valuable work for Teachers, by the Rev. Baynard H. Hall, A. M., Newburgh, N. Y.; Battle of Summer, by the Marvel; War and Character of the Nile, with a variety of choice Books, for sale by Aug. 8, '50 J. STEPHENSON & Co.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Green Hand; Letitia Arnold; Norman Leslie; Professor's Lady; Food and Climate Considered in reference to Health; Web-to-yah, or the Tao's Trail; Just received and for sale by JAMES STEPHENSON & Co. July 29, 1850.

MORE BOOKS.

THE Shoulder Knot, by Rev. B. F. Tull; Lectures and Addresses of Horace Greeley; "The Professional Lady," illustrated. Field Book of the Revolution, No. 3, &c., received and for sale by J. STEPHENSON & Co. July 8, 1850.

COD LIVER OIL.

Just received, a lot of Dr. T. G. Edwards & Co's. genuine Oil. For sale by Dr. J. CONSON, No. 3, Front

The Aluses.

The Printer's Epitaph.

Here lies his form in pi. Beneath this bank with briars overgrown; How many cases, far unworthy his! Neath some imposing stone.

No column points our loss—

No sculptured caps his history declare; Although he lived a follower of the cross, And member of the bar.

The golden rule he prized.

And left as a token of his love; And all his deeds corrected and refuted, Are registered above.

The copy of his wrongs—

The proofs of all his piety are there; And the fair title which to truth belongs, Will prove his title here.

Though now in death's embrace,

A maddening heap our luckless brother lies, He'll appear on Gabriel's royal chase, And frisk it to the skies.

A Simile.

On the breast of the billow, The silver moon lay, Unfurled the mirror, Unbroken the ray;

Till the zephyr's light pinion, Swept over the strain, And broke the repose Of the wave and the beam.

Like the beam on the pillow, Love's spirit will rest, Pure peaceful and holy, In fond woman's breast;

Till passion's wild breathings, Have fanned into flame, To illumine her pathway Or perish in shame.

Ag secured men of great experience in the

ent departments of that business, they themselves, that their own practical knowledge in addition, will enable them to be of service to those who may favor them in their patronage.

Business in St. Louis, will be transacted

in own new buildings on Second, between and Locust streets, and conducted under one and style of

ROBINSON, WALLER & COLES.

gust 25, 1850—21

WILLER & ELSAS, TAILORS

Miscellaneous.

Census Notes.

The Assistant Marshal, who is engaged in taking the census of Barnwell District, thus writes to the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, in giving an account of what he has seen. We wonder if any other assistant has had a similar experience:

BARNWELL C. H., Aug. 4.—The whole

District is completely paralyzed with dry weather and candidates. The latter have overran every section, corner and hole, within their knowledge. There are for the Legislature, 7; Senate 3; Sheriff 3; Clerk of the Court 17; Tax Collector's office 23; Ordinary 18; making in all 71; and when this swarm comes down upon a small crowd of people, it is indeed the "time to try their souls."

I was upon the track of sixteen or seventeen of them the other day. I reached a house, and before I could commence asking the lady of the house how many horses, hogs, dogs, cats, &c., she had, she said, "taking me for one of the swarm,—I am very sorry my husband is not here; he has promised to vote for all the candidates, and I have no doubt, if he was here, he would promise you."

I proceeded on my way, and saw a man ploughing not far from the road. As soon as he saw me, he commenced whipping and going faster. After proceeding some little distance, he motioned his arm toward me: "Go on, go on," said he, "I'll vote for you, I always said I would, so don't let it disturb you."

GREAT HEIGHTS.—Height of folly.—To get drunk, and lie across the railroad to obtain repose.

Height of inequity.—To climb the house top, and look down the chimney to see what one's neighbor had for dinner.

Height of civility.—To run against a post in the street, and then beg pardon for the encounter.

Height of gallantry.—When intoxicated to reel along the streets with a lady under your arm, to escort safely home.

Height of bullism.—To castigate with a whip or cowhide a man whose openly avowed religious principles forbid his fighting even in self-defense.

Height of philosophy.—To starve one's self to death in order to illustrate the beneficial effects of the Graham system.

Height of independence.—To quarrel with all your neighbors who will not agree with your own views and notions of things.

Height of nonsense.—To undertake to bail the Sea dry with a sieve, and still greater not to take the Daily Dispatch.

Marriage Agents in France.

W. H. Fry, the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, in a late letter to that journal details the following incident: "An American gentleman of my acquaintance, who has just arrived at Paris with two daughters, was waited on by a lady on behalf of a Frenchman, who was willing to marry either daughter, though he had never seen her. 'Say to him,' observed the indignant father, 'that when I wish to sell my daughters, I shall put a halter round their necks, and take them to the horse market.' The fair negotiator decamped, overwhelmed, doubtless, by the Americanism of the reply.

"The Dead Driver."

A Curious case of Circumstantial Evidence.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when witnesses are of the most reliable character, and ever so sincere in their depositions, that there is due, at all times, and in all places, the utmost coolness, and the strongest appliance of dispassionate inquiry and judgment, on the part of the judges and juries, in order that the apparently blood-stained or atrocious murder or felon may be judged, and receive sentence, for crime committed. And hence, too, the gallows has become in the eyes of Christians and enlightened people the frightful spectre of a most barbarous age.

I was stopping at Bowling Green, Va., some years ago, and after supper got into conversation with an old gentleman who was down there from Tennessee, attending Court. He had moved to Tennessee from near Bowling Green, many years before, but was supposed to attend Court there, as a witness in a will case. He was a very loquacious man, and related many amusing and deeply interesting stories. One I made a note of at the time. It was a case of a thrilling interest, founded on the uncertainty and danger of relying on circumstantial evidence, when the life or liberty of a prisoner was at stake. A planter on the southern border of Tennessee, &c., and it so fell out that the planter became the rival of the "driver" in the affections of a merchant's daughter in a neighboring village. This, of course, did not strengthen the ties of business and friendship between the planter and overseer. The overseer was young and good-looking, but then his rival was a man of education, had been abroad and was—rich! These facts made the planter a very powerful rival to the "driver," who was a severe disciplinarian, performed his duties to the entire satisfaction of his employer, and was feared and loved by many of the negroes. It was not long before the planter and his overseer fell out, and the latter left, swearing a bitter feud against the planter. The duties of overseeing the plantation now devolved on one of the slaves, a bright, active, and also a powerful negro, whom the former overseer was always "outs" with, and consequently the negro was frequently the recipient of much rough treatment from the hands of the overseer, whom we will call Hayward. The negro, although having been born in the planter's family, or on the plantation of his father, being a field hand, and the young planter never having been at home much, or no special recognition or regard to intimacy seemed to exist. Hayward took charge of a neighboring plantation, and not long after leaving the D'Costa's the planter, they met at a vendue, where the negro took place between them, in which D'Costa would have lost his life but for the intervention of some of the bystanders. Hayward belonged to a once wealthy and distinguished family in South Carolina, but the family was broken up and dispersed, and young Hayward, not having been educated—as most young southerners are—for a profession, and disposed to be independent and useful, took charge of D'Costa's plantation. Hayward was a thorough-going, bold, resolute young man, rather fond of his glass, and disposed to be "ugly" at times, but stood fair as a man of honor and integrity.

Some few weeks after the fracas at the vendue, Hayward was passing along one evening, before sunset, before D'Costa's plantation, on a road on which Black Will and four others of D'Costa's negroes were at work. As Hayward passed, his horse's foot got tangled with some brush and stuff thrown into a quagmire, in the way, and he ordered Will, who was close by, to clear it, but the negro made no effort to do so, which so enraged Hayward, that he rode right into the group of negroes, and began cutting and slashing with his heavy whip. He then kept on his way, swearing to the negroes that "that was the way he intended serving his master one of these days."

Will and the hands returned to their quarters, after finishing their work, and one of the negroes could not resist the temptation to go to the master's house, and relate what had transpired on the road. D'Costa was enraged, sent for Will, and interrogated him in regard to the matter, and Will, doggedly reiterated what had chanced. The planter was furious, and strode up and down the room in great excitement. Stopping before his large secretary, in which he kept his papers, small arms, &c., he drew forth a drawer, and took from it an old fashioned but heavy Spanish pistol. Carefully loading it, he called Will to the secretary.

"Let me show you how you can load this pistol, and prime it, if it should be necessary for you to do so."

"Yes, massa," says Will, his eyes fairly gleaming at the deadly weapon which his now perfectly cool and collected master was loading.

"Hayward went up the road about an hour or two before sunset, did he?"

"Yes, massa," answered the slave.

"He's probably gone to—, and will be along here to-morrow; I will be away from home for a few days, but if that villain ever threatens you or any of my people, put that pistol as close to his head as you can get it, Will, and pull the trigger. Do you hear?"

"Yes, massa," replied the slave.

After giving Will some directions for carrying on matters during his absence, and how to carry the pistol and ammunition to escape observation, the slave withdrew, with a fierce gleam of savage devilry dancing in his eyes and spreading over his tawny face.

Late in the evening, the planter called for his horse, and thrusting a brace of heavy duelling pistols and a knife beneath his coat, placing his saddle bags upon his saddle, he mounted and rode off.

Next day, great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood of—. The daughter of the merchant was missing, and also Hayward, the overseer of a neighboring plantation. Gossip said at once that an elopement had taken place—Hayward had carried off Miss—, and D'Costa was defeated. In a day or two, some busy body went out to D'Costa's place, to apprise him of the state of affairs—but D'Costa himself was not at home. Hayward had disappeared on the evening of the disappearance of Miss—, and so had D'Costa. The excitement was immense! Rumor raised a hoarse and reported! Hayward had carried off Miss—, and D'Costa had followed them! A fight would surely ensue. One or both would be killed! The servants acknowledged that their master rode off towards the village of—, and left them word that he should be gone some day. Hayward had

been seen at a plantation some few miles distant, and had left for home late in the evening, and was seen no more. But the same day these investigations were going on, Hayward's horse was found half dead, cut in several places with a knife, and lying in a swamp. Then suspicions of foul play arose—the tattle and lun of an elopement became mixed up with the alarm of foul murder, and the community turned out in numbers to investigate. The next link in the case was finding of a Spanish pistol, concealed beneath a small bridge, near the swamp where Hayward's horse was found, some two miles above D'Costa's plantation. The pistol underwent a general examination—the peculiarity of its make and finish made it an object once seen not to be forgotten. A lawyer of the village recognized the pistol as having been exhibited to him by D'Costa a few months previous, while on business at D'Costa's plantation. This led to the recollection of the encounter between Hayward and D'Costa at the vendue, the oath of vengeance uttered by D'Costa, and all the train of subsequent events up to the night of the disappearance—with the fracas, also, that Hayward had with D'Costa's negroes, in the road. The only conclusive link to complete, of course, the chain of murder of Hayward, was the absence of any decided proof that he was dead. And this link was soon obtained. Hayward's body was rooted up by some hogs from the leaves and earth of a cedar swamp, about a quarter of a mile from the road over which Hayward must have passed on his way home. The murder was established. A ball had passed through Hayward's side, and out at the shoulder blade, evidently fired by a person concealed by the road-side, who must have known of the overseer's returning home the night in question, and way-laid him.

Nobody hesitated to say that D'Costa was the murderer! But he had died, and with him the merchant's daughter. This investigation lasted over a month. The means of giving notoriety to such matters in those times, some twenty odd years ago, were not so facile as now-a-days. Some time elapsed before the news of D'Costa's transaction reached Mobile, where his friends mostly resided, and where also he kept his funds. And from D'Costa's banker the first intelligence was received by the parents of the young lady, that D'Costa had drawn on him for funds to a considerable amount at New York, had apprized him of his elopement with Miss—, their marriage, and determination to sail to Europe, on a tour, in the course of a few days; so D'Costa was beyond pursuit, and every thing bore the indelible stamp of his crime. The friends of Hayward were numerous, and they espoused his cause with vigor and determination, but were obliged to let the matter rest, for a time.

In the course of a few months, D'Costa was heard from. He addressed a letter to his agent, expressing general unhappiness, wishing some things done could be undone, and apprising his agent that he should be home in course of a very short time. All these matters were whispered about, and D'Costa, before he made his appearance again, was tried, condemned, and executed by the force of public opinion. The moment the planter arrived at home, he was arrested, but he evinced no surprise, he had heard of the charge against him long before his getting home. He asked to arrange his papers, and some of his affairs which claimed his immediate attention, and a few hours delay was thus allowed, by the courtesy of his captors. Shutting himself up in his private room, or study, he remained busy and alone for several hours.

D'Costa had sprung from a high and honorable Spanish family, who had been the first to settle in the south as planters. He had always been honorable in his associations with his fellow men, and bore, in general, an unblemished character in the community. But he returned from abroad in dejected spirits, morose, and suffering apparently from the effects of dissipation. He was a evidently changed man. The pang of a guilty conscience, said the people, was gnawing his heart-strings, and the poor planter was cut off from all sympathy. His wife had immediately set off for the home of her parents, after reaching D'Costa's mansion, apparently as miserable and dejected as her husband.

D'Costa having finished his business, came out quite cheerful.

"Now gentlemen I am at your service."

Arriving at—, a great assemblage of people had taken place. D'Costa recognized and familiarly addressed several of his friends, and then submitted himself to examination on the charge of the murder of Hayward. The evidence was ample to commit him to jail. D'Costa arose, calm and dignified, and asked the assembled throng if there was one man in that court, who would for a moment suppose him guilty of so base and cowardly an act, as that of secret murder? No one spoke; the crowd was as hushed as death.

"None!" said D'Costa, inquiringly.

"No, one. Other causes than the cowardly assassination of even an enemy, have caused me gloom, regrets, and a surfeit of life. I need not gratify a idle curiosity with explanations of my affairs which do in any way concern them. But a disgust for life and its cares, heightened by transactions, causes me to rid myself of a hated existence, and thus I rid myself!" Before he could be deterred, D'Costa drew his pistol and shot himself dead!

At this moment, a stalwart negro forced his way into the Court, Hides, and rushed through the mass, and threw himself upon the body of his master. The bystanders howled like a madman. The bystanders were awe-stricken. It was some moments before they could summon decision enough to tear the howling negro from the body of his fallen master. He fought against them, and denounced himself as a double murderer, and vowed that it was he who had killed Hayward, and confessed all the particulars. He was tried, convicted and executed accordingly. Of course the planter received entire absolution, and many tears were shed over his body, when the facts of the case were fully developed. The charge had been rendered most unhappy, by the great variance of D'Costa's and his wife's real temperaments and social customs, which, as is too often the case, were unknown to each other until too late to rectify. Such things leads to dissipation on the part of the husband while in Europe, and one night at a gaming house in Paris D'Costa had lost several thousands of dollars. All these matters, combined with the rumor that reached him, of his being denounced as a fugitive murderer, set him wild, and brought about the tragic tableau I have so faintly recapitulated.

Last Letter of Prof. Webster to Rev. Dr. Parkman, brother of the murdered Dr. Parkman.

The New York Herald of last Saturday evening contains the following letter, written by Dr. Webster to Rev. Dr. Parkman, brother of his victim.

Boston, Aug. 31, 1850.

The following letter was communicated to the Transcript of this evening, by the Rev. Dr. Putnam, he having been authorized to make it public by the late Professor Webster.

PROFESSOR WEBSTER TO REV. DR. PARKMAN.

Boston, Aug. 6, 1850.

Rev. Dr. Parkman—

DEAR SIR:—I cannot leave this world in the peace of mind for which I pray, without addressing you as the head of that family which I have so deeply injured and afflicted, to make known to you and them the bitter anguish of soul, the sincere contrition and penitence I have felt at having been the cause of their affliction under which you and they have been called to mourn.

I can offer no excuse for my wicked and fatal exhibition of passion, but what you already know; nor would I attempt to palliate it. I had never, until the two or three last interviews with your brother, felt towards him anything but gratitude for his many acts of kindness and friendship. That I should allow my feelings, excited on the occasion, to have overpowered me so as to involve the life of your brother and my own temporal and eternal welfare, I can, even now, hardly realize. I may not from you receive forgiveness in this world, yet I cannot but hope and believe you will think of me with compassion, and remember me in your prayers to Him that will not turn away from the humble and repentant. Had I many lives, with joy would I lay them all down could I in the least atone for the injury I have done, or alleviate the affliction I have caused; but I can now only pray for forgiveness for myself, and for every consolation and blessing upon every member of your family.

In justice to those dearest to me, I beg to assure you, and I entreat you to believe me, no one of my family had the slightest doubt of my entire innocence up to the moment when the contrary was communicated to them by Dr. Putnam. That they have your sincere pity and sympathy, I feel assured. There is no family, towards every member of which I have always felt a greater degree of respect and regard, than that which of you are the head. From more than one I have received repeated acts of friendship and kindness, for which I have ever been, and am most truly grateful. Towards yourself, in particular, have not only my own feelings been those of the most sincere regard and gratitude, but every individual of my family has felt towards you that you were their pastor and their friend. Often has my wife recalled the interest you have taken in her, from her first becoming your parishioner; and often has she spoken, with feelings of deep gratitude, of the influence of your public ministrations, and of your private instructions and conversations, and of your direction of her enquiries and reading, in what related to her religious views. These she has often recalled and referred to, as having firmly established the religious faith and trust which are now sources of consolation and support to